

Mirage-

by Abi

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Summary: This one's a weird one, children...don't sue me for filling your head with crazy thoughts.

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**DISCLAIMER: **I own no one in this story with the exception of
Violetmon and the "Force".

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**SONGS: **I felt I had to put this. The two songs that inspired me
to write this story were "One Sweet Day" by Mariah Carey and "Where
Are You Now" by Britney Spears.**_ _**

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Mirage

Tears formed at his eyes and streamed down his cheeks. He desperately tried to wipe them away, tried to be a man...his soaked gloves fell to his side and his silver harmonica was clenched in his fist. The moon was dimmer than usual, and cast a glow on the silver-tinted

trees.

Matt got to his feet and slipped his gloves back on. Tai was curled up in his sleeping bag, his precious goggles flung to his feet, Augumon next to his pillow. T.K. had been sleeping next to Matt, Patamon wrapped in his arms, breathing heavily.

Matt looked at the night sky and shoved his hands in his pockets. He felt his importance

wearing off, but not in a depressing way...more like his power was being passed onto someone...but he didn't know who, or what.

He grabbed his harmonica and held it to his face. He never had more satisfaction than playing his beautiful little silver instrument.

After playing a hauntingly beautiful melody, Matt dropped the harmonica in a patch of grass and his tears started up again. To no one in particular, he whispered, "I just want to go home...just let me go home..." Matt looked down at his feet, talking to himself, or whoever would listen. "Why won't you let me go home? Can't you see I'm dying here?"

He thought of Home. It was a place with warm bedspreads and television and real food.

He wanted to go back. There was nothing more he wanted to do. He just wanted to go back to summer camp, even, anything to get away from the Digiworld...

Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

--

_Gennai had told him that once. Matt hadn't believed it for awhile, but that was a long time ago. He _felt _stronger. But he didn't care anymore. He didn't know how all the other kids put up with it, but he couldn't stand it much longer.

From the eastern horizon, a lavender wisp of wind writhed its way toward Matt, over the silver waters and forming a sphere in front of him.

"Huh? What's goin' on here?" Matt asked in a whisper.

A voice, in a sort of tinny echo, boomed back out at him.

"Matt..Matt..Matt.." it echoed, swirling around him.

"Get away from me!" Matt cried, trying to brush it away from his arms and legs.

"Matt...Matt...can't...you...see...see...see..." The voice faded.

"I don't know what you want, or what you are, but if you're trying to lure me into some kind of trap, it won't work this time," Matt snarled.

"Matt...something...you...need..need..."

The sphere twisted into an image of Tokyo. Home. There were kids on the street...Matt's old friends...and his mother. And his dad. And him and T.K. were playing ball in the yard. The sight was almost unbearable for Matt to take. It was like a memory from a beautiful dream...something there, but long passed.

"You...still could...be...there...Matt..." the voice told him.

"Who are you?" Matt stood his ground and clenched his fists.

The wisps of atmosphere slunk together and formed a silhouette, finally transforming into a beautiful little girl with hair like a lavender breeze, floating around her, and her violet eyes huge and taunting. She blinked once, and smiled at Matt.

Matt squinted in disbelief. "Are you a...Digimon?" he asked.

The image shook its little head. "I'm a spirit," she said, in the voice of the wind. "I'm known as the Spirit of the Wind."

Matt blinked. "Are you...evil?"

"Look in my eyes, Matt," she told him.

Matt turned away. "I will do nothing you tell me until I know for sure who you really are," he said stubbornly, his teeth clenched and his head spinning.

"But I have something you want."

"Huh?"

"The image I showed you," she said in her whispery, taunting voice. "There's more. Much more. And they could all happen...just leave with me, and bring your brother..."

Matt shut his eyes. "I won't do anything you tell me."

"Very well," the spirit breathed, her voice fading. "But I'll be back."

Gabumon appeared next to Matt, making him jump. "Matt, I saw what happened," Gabumon said. "That was no spirit."

"Huh?"

"That was a Digimon. She lied to you." Gabumon shook his head. "Violetmon, yes, is known as Spirit of the Wind. She used to be good, until some evil force threatened her into believing she was evil." Gabumon looked sad. "And now that's what she is...evil. Don't do a thing she says, Matt."

Matt nodded. "Whatever you say, Gabumon. C'mon, I'm going back to bed."

As Matt lay in his sleeping bag, freezing cold, a warm, lavender wind came in and wrapped itself around him. "You'll be safe with me, Matt," a voice whispered.

"Violetmon!" Demidevimon hopped in and glared at the almost invisible

wind.

Violetmon again changed back into her true form. "Demidevimon!" she cried, startled.

"What are you doing here?"

"You better quit while you're ahead, Violetmon," Demidevimon snarled. "You wouldn't want Her to hear about this, would you?"

"No, Demidevimon." Violetmon looked at her feet in shame. "I'm coming."

~

"Are you sure that was an evil Digimon?" Matt asked Gabumon, as the eight children and their Digimon trudged along the woods.

"Most definitely," Gabumon answered. "Stay away from spirits."

"I know she was trying to trick me...but it didn't seem, well, sincere," Matt said, confused at himself.

"What's going on, Matt?" T.K. took his big brother's hand. Although he was getting older, he still needed some brotherly protection.

Matt smiled. "Nothing you need to worry about, T.K," he replied.

"But I want to know!"

"All right. Get on my back." Matt hoisted his little brother and gave him a piggy-back ride while he told him the story. "There was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen...she had violet eyes and lavender hair...and she told me she was the Spirit of the Wind. She told me to come with her, and bring you too, but I stood my ground...and she happened to be an evil Digimon named Violetmon."

T.K.'s eyes widened. "Wow! I wish I would've stayed up!"

Gabumon rolled his eyes. "As I said before, stay away from spirits."

By now, the other six children had heard Matt's story, and were all fascinated. Izzy was frantically trying to get some information on Violetmon on his Laptop, while Tai was going berserk

with worry and Kari was following his example.

"Yep, that's her, all right," Matt told Izzy, as he slipped him his Crest of Friendship.

"Never mind what I said before," Tai said, grinning, "She's a knockout!"

"And she'll knock you out if you're not careful," Izzy told everyone, shutting his computer. "Her worst attack is Vacuum Energy. She'll suck the life right outta ya."

"Well, we better watch out then, shouldn't we?" T.K. pointed out.

"Yeah," Matt sighed sadly. "I guess you're right."

They walked a little way further, when Matt suddenly stopped, like his feet were pinned to the ground. He stood, wide-eyed, looking almost paralyzed. T.K. jumped off of his brother's back. "Matt? What's wrong, Matt?" T.K. looked desperately worried. "Someone...help...what's wrong with Matt?"

Tai rushed to his side. "Matt?! Matt!" he cried. But Matt stood petrified, frozen still as a statue.

"Oh no, what's happening?" Sora gasped.

Matt, however, felt himself being lifted out of his body. He watched as his lifeless form slumped to the ground below him, as he felt light as the wind as an invisible source carried him to his fated destination.

Mimi thrust herself over Matt's body in tears, crying into his green cotton turtleneck and blowing her nose in Palmon's handkerchief. "There there, Mimi," Palmon said, patting her on the back.

Izzy pushed Mimi away. "Get outta the way, Mimi, I have to check something." Izzy put his ear against Matt's chest. "I can't make out a heartbeat," he said calmly.

"No!" Tai cried.

Izzy tried to shush him. "But the thing is, Tai, I really don't think he's dead." Izzy looked around at the tear-stricken group. "I think he was taken from us, by some unknown force."

"An unknown force?" Tai yelled. "Stop making stuff up, Izzy."

"No really, I think it's true," Izzy responded. "He had no disease, as I can calculate, and nothing has poisoned him, according to his bloodflow. It seems that everything inside Matt's body has just...well, stopped. Temporarily." Izzy typed something in on his Laptop. "It's too bad I can't get online from here, but I think that what has happened is..."

"What is it, Izzy?"

"I think he was taken by Violetmon." Izzy shut his computer and looked blankly at Tai. "One of Violetmon's abilities is to take living creatures and remove their souls. However, I don't think that Violetmon's intentions were bad."

"How can you know that, Izzy?" Mimi demanded, still gasping in angst.

"Well, it says that in the digital world, creatures can only be harmed when they're in their true form," Izzy told them. "Matt, obviously, is not in his true form." Izzy grinned. "This is so prodigious! I think I know what we've got here."

"What?"

"I think someone has a bit of a crush on Matt." Izzy laughed and returned to his computer. "Now, we'll need to stay here for awhile, until Matt gets back."

"I still don't think I can believe all this nonsense," Mimi wiped away her tears and glared at Izzy. She didn't know just what to think. An evil Digimon takes Matt away from her and Izzy expects her to believe that its a harmless crush and that Matt will return to his lifeless body? "Oh, get real, Izzy."

"I'm dead serious, Mimi."

~

Matt couldn't see the trees or earth anymore. The sky was a pinkish lavender, and peach-colored wispy clouds rode in from the east in spinning swirls. He could barely breathe, he was so scared. He tried to speak, but his throat was clogged in fear and desperation and all that came out was a choking cough.

Matt cleared his throat. "Who's here and what do you want?" His voice came out like a ringing echo and sounded like a wispy dream. Matt twisted and writhed in his captured position, suspended about a million feet above God knows where and he didn't like it a bit. "Violetmon, I know it's you! Show yourself!"

The atmosphere faded into a deep cerulean and silver and a violet haze formed into the shape of the little spirit girl Matt had seen the night before.

"Violetmon." Matt glared at her. "I knew it was you."

"Of course you did," the dreamy, whispery voice replied. "Who else did you want it to be?"

"You lied to me, Violetmon," Matt said in rage, through clenched teeth and fists. "Once I get back to the Digiworld, I'll send Metalgururumon on you."

Violetmon blinked her large indigo eyes, first in surprise, and then in sadness. "I'm sorry I lied to you, Matt," she said. Her tone was sincere and resentful. "I really am. I'm sorry about all that I put you through." Violetmon sighed sadly and clasped her pale hands, her silky strands of lavender hair floating around her like a breeze in playful wind. "I didn't want you to know I was 'evil', I didn't want you to find out..."

"But I did, so now what're you going to do to me?" Matt retorted bravely, his expression stern.

"I brought you to the dream dimension to tell you that no matter what you hear, I will try never to harm you or your friends, contrary to what you hear from anyone." A silver tear slipped down her tinted cheeks, falling on her folded hands. Her head jerked up. "And I want you to leave. Leave this place before She finds you."

"Who's She?" Matt asked, blinking in confusion.

"That I cannot say, Matt." Violetmon whisked away her hands. "Now I will let you go. Farewell, and heed my warning."

"But wait...Violetmon...I..." Matt reached out his hand to find himself back in his own body, blinking his eyes to shed the blurriness and seeing seven hopeful faces looking down on him.

"I'm...back?" Matt asked himself in confusion.

The Digi-destined cheered. "What'd I tell ya?" Izzy told everyone proudly, while trying not to ruin his humble status.

Matt scratched his head. "Wh-where was I?"

Joe propped Matt upright as Izzy talked to him. "I believe you were in the dream dimension," he said. "According to my calculations, the dream dimension is a place where we humans cannot go, only if we're...ahm, invited." Izzy looked confused. "Is that where you think you were, Matt?"

Matt nodded. "Uh huh. That's where Violetmon said I was-" Matt stopped short, ending his own sentence. The rest of the Digi-destined looked at him wide-eyed. Izzy beamed, knowing, once again, that he was right. "It was all really weird." Matt looked thoughtful. "It was all different colors. Kind of like a rainbow or something, and there was no ground, just sky. I was suspended in the air, and Violetmon revealed herself and told us she would try not to hurt us-"

"TRY not to hurt us?" Joe yelled. "What was that supposed to mean?"

"She was under someone's power," Matt explained, "but she wouldn't say who. Anyhow, she told us to get out of here as fast as we could."

Everyone but Tai looked petrified. Tai looked thoughtful, and then nodded. "Then I suggest we do it."

"But Tai," Sora retorted, "how do you know that it wasn't another of Violetmon's tricks?" She turned to Matt. "I don't think we should run, I think we should hide. I mean, what if where we are now IS the only safe place? You never know, Violetmon could be lying again, just like she did about being an evil Digimon..."

Matt glared at Sora. "You know what, Sora? I think you should just shut up. If Violetmon told us to run, that's what I'm doing." Matt picked up his backpack and nudged Gabumon. "You coming, buddy?"

Gabumon nodded sadly. "Yes, Matt."

Matt turned to the other seven kids. "Who else is coming with me?"

After a few gauche seconds of silence, Kari let go of her brother's hand and stepped up to Matt, swallowing in fear. "I'll come Matt."

"If Kari's coming, I will too." Tai stood next to his sister, and one

by one, the Digi-destined all took their turns following Matt, who looked at them regally. "I suggest we run, kids."

As the Digi-destined sprinted through the evergreen forests, thick black thunderclouds rolled across the pale blue sky, and thunder shook in the distance. The eight children held onto each other's arms and hands and stumbled into a dense, damp, underground cave, where the air was musky and the smell of rain.

"We should be safe from the storm here," stated Tai, fumbling his pockets for a matchbook.

"I don't know about anyone else, but I'm really tired," Kari yawned, curling up in her brother's lap, Agumon and Gatomon in her arms.

Tai smiled at his sister as he started a small campfire in the dank cave. "I think we should have a nightwatch," he told everyone, who were using unneeded layers of clothing as pillows, clutching their Digimon protectively in their arms. Matt nodded. "I'll go first, if you want me to, Tai."

Tai yawned. "Whatever you say, Matt," he said, sounding almost unsure. "But wake me up when your turn is over."

Matt nodded. "I'll do that."

He watched as his friends fell into a deep sleep. Mimi tossed and turned, and kept grabbing Matt's shirt. Matt rolled his eyes and finally gave in, letting her sleep in his arms. His head nodded, and he kept growing more and more tired, but shook himself awake. _I can't let Tai take over yet. It probably hasn't even been twenty minutes. _Matt yawned and shut his eyes.

A large drop of rain splashed on Matt's thick blond hair. Matt shook himself awake again, not sure of whether he had fallen asleep or not. Tai's campfire was running low, so Matt, careful not to wake him, reached into his pocket for the matches.

Tai's eyes blinked open. "Is it my turn yet, Matt?"

"No, no, go back to sleep, Tai."

"Whatever you say..." Tai's eyelids drooped as his head fell back on the cave floor. Matt then noticed that Sora had been sleeping awfully close to him...

Like Mimi had.

Matt sighed in annoyance and looked at the ceiling of the cave. Water dripped from the outside, the storm's lightning bolts crashing the cave. Yet there seemed to be something keeping the children from being harmed, like an invisible force which kept the storm away. The humid air leaked through the cracks in the ceiling, and Matt felt safe, so without will he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

~

"I smell trouble," Gabumon stated blankly.

"How can you smell trouble?" Matt asked him, confused.

"Instinct."

The eight Digi-destined looked at Gabumon in confusion as he ran around, sniffing at the air and ground. It had been a full day since the storm had hit them, and they were curiously saved from the storm's crashing lightning.

From the brink of the horizon, a swift black cloud moved closer to the children, the sound buzzing louder and louder until it was deafening.

"I think it's the evil Force Violetmon was talking about," Matt stated blankly, terrified. T.K. grasped his big brother's hand and made sure Patamon was at his side.

The dark cloud moved swiftly toward the Digi-destined, buzzing and growing painfully loud. Tai bravely stood up and confronted the agile shadow, which was large and darted across the sky. "Who are you and what do you want from us?" he cried.

"Only your lives!" the shadow yelled back at him, rich and booming but somehow sounded female. "I am the Force that will kill you all, with some help from my apprentice." The voice let out a echoing laugh and shoved, from its inner depths, a little fairy-like child, surrounded by a weak lavender glow, her head nodding in exhaustion and her face as pale as winter snow.

"Violetmon!" Matt cried, trying to run towards her.

"No!" the shadow's voice yelled at him, pushing him back. "She is my slave, and I command what she does!" The voice boomed in laughter. "Take another step, and she dies!"

Matt crumbled to the ground. "But there's a way you cannot win," he told the unknown Force, luring over them threateningly. Matt reached down his shirt and pulled out his crest, which was glowing as brightly as the noon sunlight. "You can't battle with Friendship," he sputtered, throwing his fist clenching the crest into the air.

"You think those foolish trinkets will defeat the Almighty Me?" the Force boasted. A writhing twist of the black shadow swung back and threw a gust of wind at Matt. Before it could hit him directly, Tai raced towards it and thrust himself in its path, knocking him out cold against a rock.

"Tai!" Matt cried. His crest began to glow even brighter.

"I'm going to Digivolve," Gabumon whispered.

Matt nodded. "Go right ahead."

"Gabumon warp-Digivolve to...Metalgururumon!" The wolf-like Digimon, sheathed in armor and muscle, charged at the shadow, which hit him with a blinding blast, sending him knocked out like Tai had been.

"Violetmon!" the shadow cried. "Attack!"

Violetmon, forlorn and saddened, purposely missed aim with her Vacuum

Energy. The Force sent her flying into a tree. "If you ever do that again, Violetmon," it said evilly, "I shall kill you...just like I'm about to kill these arrogant children!"

Violetmon slumped against the tree stump, and looked over miserably at Matt, who looked horrified. She felt renewed courage in her strength when the light from Matt's crest shined in her sparkling violet eyes. _I'll do this for you, Matt, _she thought to herself, clenching her fists and flying into the air. _Because even though I'm just some microchip...I have a heart too. _Violetmon rose above the black shadow.

"Vacuum energy!" she cried in her dreamy, misty voice, raising her arms above her and sending a solar beam flying towards her master.

The impact of the attack affected the black shadow greatly. It limply slithered into the treetops, uttering it's last prideful words. "I'll destroy you, Violetmon!" it cried, and sent out another blinding blast toward the powerful pixie, which sent Violetmon hurdling toward the ground, and thumping on the cold, hard dirt.

The black shadow was now drifting weakly on the bare earth, like a meek silver fog. "You will be destroyed, Digi-destined," her voice echoed, fading into oblivion. "I will come back for you..."

And with that, the shadow dissolved into thousands of particles, as another scream uttered from its last breath.

The faint glow around Violetmon was growing dimmer and dimmer as she lay there in the dirt, her long, beautiful hair becoming saturated with soot and her energy beginning to fade. Kari, T.K., Sora, Mimi, Joe, and Izzy had been terrified during the entire scene, and had hidden behind a large rock for shelter. They now emerged from their hiding place, trying to hold back their tears.

"Violetmon...did that..for us?" T.K. hiccupped, grasping Sora's hand.

Sora looked thoughtful, a tear brimming in her eye. "For us...and for Matt."

"Sora?" Kari looked up at the crying girl, who had removed her helmet and was choking with sobs.

Sora desperately tried to wipe away the tears. "Y-yes, K-kari?" she stammered.

"I'm going to go get Gabumon, okay?"

"Y-you do that, Kari."

Matt rushed over to Violetmon's fallen form, and held her head as she blinked her large, violet eyes, which shimmered with tears. Her arms drooped to her sides as she managed a weak grin. "Matt..." her musical voice faded, whispery and lighter than usual. "I tried as hard as I could, I hope I didn't fail you..."

"Oh no!" Matt cried, desperately trying to sustain his tears. "Don't think that, Violetmon!" A tear sparkled in his blue eyes as it ran

down his cheek. "You saved me...my friends...I could never thank you enough, Violetmon..."

"Matt," Violetmon said, "Listen...to what I have to say..."

"Anything."

Violetmon nearly choked on her next words. "I was wandering the human world, and I overheard some humans talking about something...called love...I think that's what it was," Violetmon said, her voice fading into a whisper. "I never really understood it. I think I get it now..."

There he was, with his matted blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes, caring for her, the lying little wretch Digimon who had nearly destroyed him. He was a human, but Violetmon didn't care anymore. She felt the energy slowly draining out of her, but she wasn't fearful anymore, for some strange reason.

Love can do that to you.

Tears spilled down Matt's face as he tried to hold back his sobs. He didn't get it. How could he have bonded like this with a Digimon...not even a good one, an evil Digimon. And here he was, trying to bring back her life before she had to relive it, when all she had done was bring him pain and sorrow for the last three days. And yet...and yet, he couldn't bring himself to letting her be hurt in any way. She was his protector, and now he was going to be her's. "Violetmon," Matt said, "I had no idea anything would ever turn out this way..." Matt gulped and sputtered on his last words.

"I think I love you too."

Tai, who had somewhat recovered from his hit on the head, had overheard the entire conversation, and sat there with his mouth gaping wide open. Knew what was going on, he wasn't stupid. He strained to hear Violetmon's last words as he brushed the dirt from his face.

"Good bye, Matt," Violetmon finished, only her lips readable. "I'll always remember you..."

Matt choked on his endless sobs as Violetmon collapsed into shimmering particles in the dusk sky. "No, Violetmon! No!" Matt chased after the sparkling dust, which had now faded into oblivion. He collapsed in a patch of grass, burying his face in his hands and muttering endlessly to himself, "No...no...no...no....no..."

Tai rushed over to Matt, holding his shoulder. "Don't cry, buddy," he said, tears glistening in his own eyes.

Matt looked at him and choked out a weak smile. "Hypocrite."

The two boys sat in silence as they watched the sunset fade into darkness, revealing glittering stars. "Where do you think she went?" Matt asked Tai, not letting his eyes from the stars in the sky. Tai just responded silently, shaking his head.

"I think," Matt whispered raspily, "that this means we shouldn't take

things for granted..."

Matt breathed in heavily, like trying to rid himself of his choking sobs. "Like Violetmon...I thought she was truly evil..."

"She had it really bad for you," Tai finished. He turned to his best friend, who had a confused look on his face.

"Do you think?" Matt looked toward the sky.

Tai nodded. "Yeah...why else would she do that for you?" Tai smiled. "Who would've known..."

Matt, as hard as it was, removed his silver harmonica from his pocket and played the melody he did a few nights earlier...the same night he felt he had to go home or he would die in this unknown world, but instead of grief, he found something that would change his life and his perspective on it forever.

Afterword

This story was very hard to write. I had to rely on Matt's character to pull through with some of the lines that he did, and I had to create the completely different, withdrawn character of Violetmon. All in all, I had some trouble. I didn't want to make an opinionated story, like how Tai and Sora belong together, yada yada yada. That was one of the hard parts. And yes, there are still unanswered questions about this fic you're gonna ask me, like who the unknown force ("She") was, and more about the dream dimension, but your imagination should take it from there, I'm not about to pull up a chair and type out a sequel. So for now, this story is whatever you make it out to be. (Key word...for NOW.)

-Abi

End
file.